The next day after he had arrived among his friends the superfluous part of his coat (which was a laced frock) was converted into a pair of leggins for his wife, and his hat-band of silver lace furnished her a magnificent pair of garters. The remainder of the coat, curtailed of its original length, was seen buttoned upon the shoulders of his brother, over and above a pair of leggins of buckskin; and Wi-jun-jon was parading about among his gaping friends, with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, which, *sans coat*, exhibited a fine linen shirt with studs and sleeve buttons. His broadsword kept its place, but about noon his boots gave way to a pair of garnished mocasins; and in such plight he gossiped away the day among his friends, while his heart spoke so freely and so effectually from the bung-hole of a keg of whiskey, which he had brought the whole way, (as one of the choicest presents made him at Washington,) that his tongue became silent.

One of his little fair enamoratas, or "catch crumbs," such as live in the halo of most great men, fixed her eyes and her affections upon his beautiful silk braces; and the next day, while the keg was yet dealing out its kindnesses, he was seen paying visits to the lodges of his old acquaintances, swaggering about, with his keg under his arm, whistling "Yankee Doodle," and "Washington's Grand March;" his white shirt, or that part of it that had been *flap*ping in the wind, had been shockingly tithed —his pantaloons of blue were razeed into a pair of comfortable leggins; his bow and quiver were slung; and his broadsword, which trailed on the ground, had sought the centre of gravity, and taken a position between his legs, and dragging behind him, served as a rudder to steer him over the "earth's troubled surface."

Two days' revel of this kind had drawn from his keg all its charms; and in the mellowness of his heart, all his finery had vanished, and all its appendages, except his umbrella, to which his heart's best affections still clung, and with it and under it, in rude dress of buckskin, he was afterwards to be seen, in all sorts of weather, acting the fop and the beau as well as he could with his limited means. In this plight, and in this dress, he began, in his sober moments, to entertain and instruct his people, by honest and simple narratives of things and scenes he had beheld during his tour to the East; but which (unfortunately for him) were to them too marvellous and improbable to be believed. He told the gaping multitude, that were constantly gathering about him, of the distance he had travelled—of the great number of houses he had seen—of the towns and cities, with all their wealth and splendour—of travelling on steam-boats, in coaches, and on railroads. He described our forts and seventy-four gun ships, which he had visited; their big guns; our great bridges; our large council-house at Washington, and its doings; the curious and wonderful machines in the Patent Office (which he pronounced the greatest *medicine place* he had seen); he described the great war parade, which he saw in the city of New York; the ascent of a balloon from Castle Garden; the surprising numbers of the "Pale Faces," the beauty of their squaws; their red cheeks; and many thousands of other things, all of which were so much beyond their comprehension that they "could not be true," and "he must be the greatest liar in the whole world."

But he was beginning to acquire a reputation of a different kind. He was denominated a *medicine-man*, and one, too, of the most extraordinary character; for they deemed him far above the ordinary sort of human beings whose mind could *invent* and *conjure* up for their amusement such an ingenious *fabrication* of novelty and wonder. He steadily and unostentatiously persisted, however, in this way of entertaining his friends and his people, though he knew his character was affected by it. He had an exhaustless theme to descant upon, and he seemed satisfied to lecture all his life for the pleasure which it gave him. So great was his *medicine*, however, that they began, chiefs and all, to look upon him as a most extraordinary being; and the customary honours and forms began to be applied to him, and the respect shown him, that belongs to all men in the Indian country who are distinguished for their *medicine* or *mysteries*. In short, when all became familiar with the astonishing representations that he had made, and with the wonderful alacrity with which "he *created* them," he was denominated the very greatest of *medicine*, and not only that, but the "*lying medicine*." That he should be the greatest of medicine, and that for *lying*, *merely*, rendered him a prodigy in mysteries that commanded not only respect, but at length, (when he was more maturely heard and listened to,) admiration, awe, and at last dread and terror; which altogether must needs conspire to rid the world of a monster, whose more than human talents must be cut down to less than human measurement.

In this way the poor fellow had lived, and been for three years past continually relating the scenes he had beheld in his tour to the "*Far East*," until his medicine became so alarmingly great, that they were unwilling he should live: they were disposed to kill him for a wizard. One of the young men of the tribe took the duty upon himself, and after much perplexity hit upon the following plan: To wit.—He had fully resolved, in conjunction with others who were in the conspiracy, that the medicine of Wi-jun-jon was too great for the ordinary mode, and that he was so great a liar that a bullet from his rifle, or an arrow from his bow, would not kill him. While the young man was in this distressing dilemma, which lasted for some weeks, he had a dream one night which solved all his difficulties, and in consequence of which he loitered about the store in the Fort, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, until he could procure *by stealth* (according to the injunctions of his dream) the handle of an iron pot, which he supposed to possess the requisite virtue, and taking it into the woods, he there spent a whole day in straightening and filing it to fit it into the barrel of his gun; after which he made his appearance again in the Fort, with his gun under his robe, charged with the pot-handle, and getting behind poor Wi-jun-jon, whilst he was talking with the trader, placed the muzzle behind his head and blew out his brains!

Thus ended the days and the greatness, and all the pride and hopes of Wi-jun-jon, the "Pigeon's Egg Head," a warrior and a brave of the valiant Assinneboins, who travelled eight thousand miles to see the President, and the great cities of the civilized world; and who, for telling the *truth* and *nothing but the truth*, was, after he got home, disgraced as a *liar*, and killed as an *impostor*.

THE END.